

The Watchman and Southron.

THE SUMTER WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850.

"Be Just and Fear not—Let all the ends Thou Aims't at be thy Country's, Thy God's and Truth's."

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HOME LIFE OF A CARDINAL.

Something of the Way in Which Cardinal Gibbons Spends His Days.

From the Morning Star.

One of the first things that the sight-seeing visitor to Baltimore does is to call on the Cardinal, says a New York World interviewer. If he has seen Bulwer's great tragedy, "Richelieu," or has read "The Queen's Necklace" or "The Three Guardsmen," his mind is filled with visions of a palatial residence, a gilded coach with prancing steeds, magnificent vestments, pompous servants in livery, tables groaning beneath the weight of choice viands and rich wines without which it seems impossible that a prince of the Church could maintain proper dignity. And so he asks to be driven to the "Cardinal's Palace," by which the cabby knows that his fare is unfamiliar with the city.

America's Cardinal affects none of lives in an old-fashioned roomy manse these things. He has no "palace," but a house which is officially known as the "Cardinal's Residence," and is thus designated on the Cardinal's stationery. When he drives anywhere it is in a plebeian cab hired for the occasion. When he goes for a walk, either for exercise or on business, he goes alone, his spare form being a familiar one on the streets of Baltimore.

His attire, except when in the pulpit, is of the plainest, differing but little from that of any other priest save for the flat red scarf at his neck, the zucchetto of the same hue upon his head and the amethyst ring upon the third finger of his right hand, which are the insignia of his rank and which it is his duty to wear at all times.

He has no bodyguard, no personal attendant, no gentleman-in-waiting. While Merry del Val, in Rome, "does as the Romans do," Cardinal Gibbons, in Baltimore, so far as outward appearances go, "does as the Baltimoreans do." This much all Baltimore knows of him.

Moved by a desire to learn something of that part of his life which is hidden from the public view I sought His Eminence and bluntly asked for information upon that point.

"Certainly, if you desire it," said he with characteristic generosity, and then, with equally characteristic modesty he added, "although I cannot see in what way my private life can be of interest to the public. It is, for the most part, extremely uneventful, methodical and regular. To this fact I attribute the excellent health I am enjoying at the age of 72. To put it briefly, I work a little, sleep a little, eat a little, walk a little, smoke a little and read a great deal. By the way, I might add that I write a good deal, too."

"Yes, it is true that I am now engaged in the preparation of another book—my fourth—but I do not care at this time to anticipate its publication by revealing the subject."

"Oh, yes, I have my hours of rest and recreation and not infrequently I spend an evening at a social function of some kind and enjoy it. For instance, I attended, a year ago in Washington, one of those famous dinners given by that aggregation of jolly and brainy men, the Gridiron Club, and had a splendid time, but for the most part I find the greatest pleasure in reading serious books. If, however, you care to know more about our going and coming you are at perfect liberty to pursue your investigations. The members of my household will, I am sure, gladly give you any information you may wish to have."

The big, old-fashioned mansion occupies almost about two-thirds of the block on Charles street between Mulberry and Franklin, in what was formerly the most fashionable section of the Monumental City. Business has encroached upon the neighborhood, however, crowding the one-time residents into other sections and leaving the Cardinal's home surrounded by millinery, tailoring and other establishments, with here and there a boarding house.

Extreme simplicity marks the furnishings of the entire establishments. The main hallway is tiled and devoid of furniture except a grandfather's clock and three straight-backed chairs. In the reception rooms the furniture is extremely plain. No carpets nor rugs cover the floors.

In the north side of the main hall, opposite the Cardinal's study, is the office of Rev. P. C. Gavan, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, who, together with Bishop Curtis, the Vicar General; Rev. W. T. Russell, the Cardinal's secretary; Rev. William A. Fletcher, rector of the parish, and the Rev. Louis O'Donovan, constitute the Cardinal's official family and live under his roof-tree.

The domestic arrangements are in the hands of three Sisters of Providence, aided by Nathan, a stalwart young colored man, who acts as butler and man of all work, and Harry, a boy of almost fourteen, who answers the door bell and makes himself generally useful. Not a very extensive entourage for a prince of the Church.

It will be noted that the list of servants does not include an attendant for the Cardinal. I asked Father Gavan if this was an omission.

"No, indeed," with a smile. "His

Eminence would never think of such a thing. The nearest approach to it he ever had was when he went to Rome to attend the Conclave. On the steamship going over the captain assigned to him a private steward who attended to his every want. I once suggested to His Eminence that it would be nice to have such a man at hand at all times, to which he replied that it would be nice, but that's as far as he ever got with it."

Wondering what this man of 72 calls "working a little," I inquired further and found that he rises at 6, spends an hour in meditation and prayer, then attends Mass, which he celebrates in the Cathedral, following this with thanksgiving service. He breakfasts at 8. Then he takes up his morning mail, which includes letters from all parts of the world.

At 9.30 he holds a conference with the Rev. Father Gavan, his chancellor, and the Rev. Father Russell, his private secretary, on affairs of the archdiocese.

From 10 until 12.30 he receives callers in the reception rooms on the main floor. This function ended, his Eminence changes his black cassock which he wears when indoors for his very plain street costume, a suit of black broadcloth, a somewhat old-fashioned top hat and an overcoat, also of black cloth and close fitting. Thus accoutred and with cane in hand he goes and alone to the business part of the town. Sometimes he visits his bankers, at other times his publisher, or wherever the affairs of the archdiocese may lead him.

Then back to the Charles street mansion, where dinner awaits him at 1.30. After dinner a half-hour's rest, he takes up such literary work as he may have in hand, employing in this manner until 4.30, when he again receives callers for half an hour.

At 5 p. m. he fares forth for his "constitutional," which may take him into any portion of the city he knows and loves so well. An hour's brisk traveling brings him home again, where he takes up the daily newspapers, going over them until 6.30, when supper is served, and his day's work is ended—twelve hours of it, too, and enough to tire a much younger man.

The hours from 7 to 10 p. m. the Cardinal devotes to recreation. Sometimes he spends them with friends or at a banquet or public function. Much more often, however, he stays in his study and reads. If he has worked hard and his brain is fatigued he reads detective stories or tales of mystery. Wilkie Collins' "Moonstone" is said to be his favorite, but he has read scores of other "mystery" stories. At 10 o'clock the door of his study closes softly and half an hour later America's only Cardinal is ensconced in his big, old-fashioned four-post bed.

he delivers a sermon in the Cathedral. Confirmation, dedications and the like in the other churches in the archdiocese over which he presides usually take up the three remaining Sundays. Besides the work already outlined, there are weddings, funerals, parochial visits, etc., to keep him busy. All this is in addition to his labors as trustee of the Catholic University in Washington, which have been unusually arduous for the last two years.

For all this labor he receives a salary as Archbishop of Baltimore far from commensurate to the services rendered, but much more than sufficient for his personal needs. It is derived from the pew rents and other revenues of the churches in his jurisdiction, which embraces all that portion of Maryland lying west of the Chesapeake. Contrary to general belief, he receives no payments from the Vatican as a return for his services as Cardinal, nor does the title carry with it any authority over other sees than his own.

The Cardinal's abstemious habits are well known in Baltimore, but it is doubtful if the extent of his self-denial is really appreciated to the full outside of his own household. From the members thereof I learned that his meals are merely perfunctory performances, and so slight as to make it wonderful that he can eat so little and preserve his health and vigor. Here, in brief, is his daily bill of fare, varied but little from one year's end to another, whether he is at home or abroad:

Breakfast at 8 a. m., after a fast of two hours' duration—An orange, a soft-boiled egg, a biscuit and cup of very weak coffee.

Dinner at 1.30 p. m., after five hours of hard work and a brisk walk—A small piece of meat, two vegetables, a slice of bread and a cup of tea. It may be added in this connection that roast lamb is the Cardinal's favorite dinner dish, and, according to the testimony of my informant, this is the only meal that his Eminence really enjoys.

Supper, at 6.30 p. m.—A piece of toast, a cup of tea, an apple, and sometimes, though very rarely, a piece of cold meat about the size of one's index finger.

"Put," I exclaimed, "he sometimes goes to banquets. What does he do then?"

"Oh he just nibbles. Most of the courses he passes entirely, but sometimes he will take one or two bites of the roast if it is particularly to his liking. At dinner parties in the houses of those who know him well

and understand his habits, toast and tea are always provided for him."

"But he smokes?"

"Yes, but very moderately. Three mild cigars a day is his limit, and he rarely reaches it."

What has here been set forth is a record of the daily life of this great ecclesiastic during ten months of the year. The remainder is devoted to recuperation and rest, sometimes at one place, sometimes at another, but two weeks in each year he spends with his brother and two sisters in New Orleans—his only living relatives.

When at home he can look out of the window of his study, and but for the intervening buildings could see the spot upon which stood the house in which he was born. Almost under the shadow of his residence is the ancient cathedral, the first erected in America, in which he was ordained a priest at the age 27; raised to a Bishopric years later, and, after a further lapse of eight years, invested with the red hat of a Cardinal.

KNAPP CHARMS TEACHERS.

Distinguished Scientist Delivers an Inspiring Address at the Association Meeting.

Chick Springs, June 27.—Dr. Knapp has sent out from the annual meeting of the State Teachers' association about 250 members inspired by his address last night and determined to teach to the young self-reliance and self-help.

Dr. Seemann A. Knapp is a remarkable man. He is about 70 years of age, but carries himself like a man below the Onser limit. As Superintendent Martin remarked last night, he has been called a combination of Socrates and Gladstone. The Gladstone part was added by Mr. Martin, and Dr. Knapp remarked that the introduction was the feature of the meeting.

For two hours he held the audience. At times he was humorous and epigrammatic, at times very earnest and always interesting. He told very little of the work he had done, because he does not care to speak of that, but the people of Texas receive his orders as they would an order from a military regiment backed by Gatlings. He reclaimed 2,000,000 acres of land in that State and made it habitable. The area is larger than the State of Connecticut and he showed how rice and cotton could be raised profitably. He did the same for other Gulf States and now when he advises the people of that section to plant certain things they do it because Dr. Knapp says so. At present he is interested in the conditions in South Carolina and his recent visit to the coast may mean much for the people there. He is at the head of the bureau of plant industry for the United States government, but this is because he loves the work and knows the practical as well as the theoretical side of farming and not because he needs the government position.—The State.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING DISCUSSED

Prof. Patterson Wardlaw Delivers Interesting Address at the Teachers' Association.

Chick Springs, June 26.—"Simplified Spelling," the subject of an address by Prof. Patterson Wardlaw, caused today one of the most interesting discussions of the present session of the State Teachers' association.

There was a motion to recommend the adoption of the simpler form of spelling before the body after the paper had been received and it brought out that South Carolina teachers are well informed on topics of the times and do not wish to take any step without knowing the results.

HOPEFUL FOR THAW.

He May Get an Early Trial by the Order of the Supreme Court.

New York, June 29.—In order to force an early trial, the counsel for Harry Thaw, now in the Tombs waiting trial for the murder of Stanford White, today obtained an order from Supreme Court Justice McCall directing District Attorney Jerome to show cause why he should not move for Thaw's trial in the October term of court. Jerome is asked to appear on July 3d.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

Another "Comic Opera War" Seems to Be About to Break Out in Central America.

San Salvador, June 29.—Three Nicaraguan gunboats—escorting several steamers converted into transports—sailed today from Corinto, Nicaragua's best Pacific port, bearing troops, according to reports here. It is believed that the fleet has been dispatched by President Zelaya to attack Salvador or Guatemala. A war which may involve all Central America is regarded as certain to follow the sailing of the little fleet. All countries concerned are reported to be making hurried preparations for war.

BISHOP CAPERS' HOME.

Why it is So Hard to Obtain News From the Bishop's Summer Cottage.

Union, June 27.—"The desperate illness of Bishop Ellison Capers for the past few days, the anxiety of thousands of persons for the latest news as to his condition, and the difficulties in the way of getting the news to them on account of the remoteness and inaccessibility of his summer mountain home cannot be fully appreciated by one unfamiliar with all the circumstances," said Allan Nicholson, editor of Progress, in speaking today of Bishop Capers' illness.

Cedar Mountain, where for years Bishop Capers, with his wife and family, has spent the summer, is 13 miles from Brevard, N. C. For several miles the road leads beside the winding and beautiful French Broad, then begins the climb of Mill hill, along the sides of which for nearly four miles the road, which is lined with rhododendrons and all kinds of mountain shrubbery and trees, zig-zags; many of the turns being so very abrupt that though considerable distance has been traveled, the road itself is but a few feet apart. At many places the road is not wide enough for more than one vehicle and for many points one can look over the edge of it to the valley and trees several hundred feet below.

At seven miles on the way to Bishop Capers' home on the right can be heard the roar of Conestee falls, one of the most beautiful water falls in that country. Then for several miles the road leads beside the dashing, roaring stream that at times makes conversation impracticable, so noisy are the waters as they dash madly down the mountain side. This stream is so near the road that but a few inches are allowed vehicles or they would plunge into the mad torrent, and this, together with the abrupt curves, narrow roads and precipitous points makes fast driving or driving of any kind on a dark night quite a perilous undertaking unless one is perfectly familiar with every turn.

Shortly after crossing the brook near the thirteenth mile post at Cedar Mountain, a gateway is reached over which are the words "Camp Cottage." This is the home of Bishop Capers. It is located at the top of a high hill and is reached by winding drives, a most unusual and picturesque feature of the grounds being the tremendous boulders, 20 or 30 feet in diameter, which jut out at regular intervals on the way up the mountain side.

On the top is Camp Cottage, the modest, summer home of several rooms.

The first summer that Mr. Nicholson visited Camp Cottage was four years ago, at the time when Bishop Capers was taken suddenly and seriously ill with pneumonia, when he called to inquire after the bishop's condition. This was about the time that the crisis had passed, and he had begun to improve, and although in many respects he regained health, the effect of that illness has always since been felt.

In striking contrast the next year when a visit was paid, the visitor found the bishop with his coat off, apparently about as hale and hearty as ever, working vigorously on his drive way to repair the damages of a recent storm. On this occasion the bishop pointed out a lonely pine on Rich mountain that was almost directly in the rear of his home. It was there that several years ago there fell the terrible lightning bolt that killed instantly Miss Addie Tillman and her companion, a young Episcopal clergyman, who, with a party, had gone to the top of Rich mountain to get the wonderful view that can be had over its summit.

At the foot of the driveway from Bishop Capers' home there was erected last year a nice cottage with many modern conveniences, and here it is that Hon. John G. Capers, recently appointed United States commissioner of internal revenue, with his family, spends many weeks.

Across the way is "Faith chapel," around which cluster many tender associations, for it was built almost entirely through the efforts of Bishop Capers, and a parishioner residing in the community, they building the small structure altogether with their own hands. This little chapel although so diminutive, is still capable of seating quite a good sized congregation. Indeed, whenever in the past the bishop preached, and that was almost every Sunday during the summer, the building would be filled with the mountaineers and others who formed the summer colony at Cedar Mountain. A very interesting and impressive service was that held when the chapel was dedicated, which occurred shortly after Bishop Capers' golden jubilee, which was celebrated in Columbia. At this service Bishop Capers officiated, being assisted by his sons, Rev. William T. Capers and Rev. W. B. Capers, both of whom occupy high positions in the Episcopal ministry.

In front of "Faith chapel" is the road from Brevard, which leads on to Caesar's Head, about five miles will take you aboard the Graham to await my orders."

Then it was discovered that the man in the powerful and speedy mo-

tor boat was Mr. Harriman. Chairman Scheppe of the regatta committee was angry and he shouted to Mr. Harriman in terms which the latter could not mistake. The millionaire leveled his forefinger at Chairman Scheppe and yelled back:

"Young man, I'll see you later."

Scheppe's friends aboard the Arrow gave Mr. Harriman a gentle laugh. Mr. Harriman saw no more of the race, but was detained at any ordinary prisoner aboard the Gresham until after the race was over, when Lieut. Billard went aboard the Gresham and released Mr. Harriman, but ordered his boat tied up at the navy yard. The incident may cost Mr. Harriman a fine of \$500. This was the penalty imposed on a yacht owner at last year's race for transgressing the rules governing the course.—The State.

Along the way from Brevard hangs a tiny wire upheld by small, swaying, frequently broken, poles, which allow the wire to slack, strike trees and ground.—The State.

RAILROAD KING ARRESTED.

Harriman Tried to "Butt In" on the Boat Race Thursday.

New London, Conn., June 27.—The Yale-Harvard boat race on the Thames river today was accompanied by one disagreeable incident. This was the arrest of E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, by Lieut. Billard, President Roosevelt's naval attaché. Lieut. Billard, who was in charge of the revenue cutters, had ordered every boat owner not to follow the race. The big varsity struggle had scarcely started when Mr. Harriman, in a powerful motor boat, started to follow the race. Lieut. Billard and Chairman Scheppe, who were aboard the regatta committee boat, the Arrow, repeatedly warned Mr. Harriman to stop his engine and fall out of the course. Mr. Harriman not only paid no attention to them, but took a position right alongside of the referee's boat and held it. Off the navy yard Lieut. Billard signalled for a launch and tooted the revenue cutter whistle, which finally caused Mr. Harriman to look around. "You are under arrest, sir," shouted Lieut. Billard. "You will give yourself up to this man, who

HELD WITHOUT BAIL.

Columbia Man Charged With Serious Crime In Texas Jail.

San Antonio, Tex., June 27.—Rufus F. Williams, of Columbia, S. C., is still in jail here and is held without bail. The charge formally made against him is one of the most serious under the Texas statutes, that of "highway robbery with firearms," the extreme penalty for which is death.

Williams made a complete confession of the robbery of Mrs. Gibson on the day of his arrest and told of how he assaulted her with a stick and tried to drown her. He repeated this story to the officials and newspaper men and others and did not appear to realize the enormity of the crime and that in Texas it is a hanging offense.

CAROLINA DAY SUCCESSFUL.

Large Crowd Was In Attendance and Much Good Fellowship Existed.

Norfolk, Va., June 28.—Virginia and South Carolina are united by a new tie.

It is all due to the great success of "South Carolina day." The two States have ever been closest in the sisterhood, and today marks a new era, not in statesmanship, not in martial achievement, but in personal contact that the inspiration received therefrom.

Virginia acknowledged South Carolina to be her beloved sister and South Carolina did herself proud in measuring up to all expectations of this day.

The ceremonies incident to "South Carolina day" celebration at the Jamestown exposition were attended today by a crowd of enthusiastic South Carolinians which filled the lower floor of the large auditorium.

The exercises were called to order and the exchange of greetings between South Carolina and Virginia was the distinguished feature.

The exercises were called to order on time by Capt. Wm. E. Gonzales, chairman of the South Carolina commission, who, in a very happy manner, felicitated the South Carolinians upon being here at this time among the hospitable Virginians. He then presented Gov. Ansel, who, it was announced, would preside over the exercises.

EDGE BREAKS RECORD.

Twenty-four Hour Auto Record Established in Short Time.

London, June 29.—At 3.45 this afternoon, Edge, who started to break the 24-hour motor record, had completed 1,440 miles, which was the record at a mile a minute for the entire time, which he hoped to establish when he started. As the 24 hours would not expire until 6 o'clock to-night, Edge has two hours and 15 minutes to his credit in which to better his anticipated record. His speed at the hour mentioned, had averaged a trifle over 1.1 miles a minute.

HAD FOOT CUT OFF.

Railroad Man Is Severely Injured at Florence.

Florence, June 28.—In attempting to mount the step on the front porch of a switch engine in the Coast Line passenger yards here last night George Lindstedt, a young white man, had his right foot cut off. Lindstedt had changed a switch and signalled his engineer ahead. Just as he attempted to place his foot on the step in front of the locomotive his lantern got caught and tripped him. He fell with his right leg across the rail and the wheel caught it and passed over it.

Lindstedt was quickly placed in a hack and hurried to a physician and attention given him. The foot was cut off just above the ankle. He is resting fairly well today. Lindstedt's home is in Orangeburg.

SITE IS NEAR UNION STATION.

Location for Immigrant Station Practically Chosen.

Washington, June 28.—While no official announcement has yet been made in the matter, it was learned today that Commissioner Sargent, of the bureau of immigration, has practically agreed to recommend for the Charleston immigrant station a site close to the new Union Depot, which was among the number examined by him when in Charleston a few days ago. The official recommendation will probably go to Secretary Strauss tomorrow.—News and Courier.

MORE RIOTS ARE FEARED.

France is in a Turbulent State on Account of the Government's Announcement.

Narbonne, France, June 29.—Outbreaks of a more violent character than those resulting from the massacre of the wine growers are predicted throughout the Midi district as a result of the determination of the government to resume the collection of taxes which has been held up since the vine cultivators' revolt began. The government announces that it will use soldiers to secure its ends, and riots are greatly feared as the people are aroused.

Count Your Eggs.

The Florence correspondent of the News and Courier relates the following incident:

Rather an amusing affair in the sale of eggs occurred here yesterday. Mr. C. P. Berry the manager of the Commercial Hotel, was accosted by a farmer who had quite a large lot of eggs for sale. The farmer had not counted the eggs before leaving home, but had more than a bushel. He told Mr. Berry he would take a certain price per dozen, but as Mr. Berry was in a hurry he made a price for the bushel or more eggs. The farmer finally agreed to take the price and delivered them to Mr. Berry. It was then suggested that the eggs be counted just for the fun of it to see who was really the loser. After the count the farmer found that he had been badly stuck, as there were about ten dozen more eggs in the tub than he really thought there were. Mr. Berry saw very soon that the egg man had been swamped and rather than see him leave with a "broken heart" chipped in several additional dimes and the farmer left a wiser man with the distinct understanding with himself that he would never do so again.

GOOD FOR JUDGE LANDIS.

Refuses to Be Respector of Wealth in the Case Against John D. Rockefeller.

Chicago, June 28.—Judge Landis declared in his court that he is no respecter of wealth or other claims of immunity when Attorney Miller attempted to have John D. Rockefeller excused from appearing in person to answer to subpoenas on account of age, wealth, position, etc. On being questioned Miller said he did not know if the other witnesses would give the information the court desired in the event Rockefeller were excused. Miller explained that they might refuse to testify on the advice of counsel.

KILLED WITH A POCKET KNIFE.

Fight Between North Carolina Politicians Has Fatal Ending.

Charlotte, N. C., June 30.—A special to the Observer from Ekaerville, Mitchell county, gives news of a fatal encounter near there Thursday, when County Treasurer J. C. Randolph stabbed County Commissioner Anderson Burleson to death with a pocket knife. The killing followed a dispute over tax returns. Randolph was afterwards badly beaten by brothers of Burleson, one of whom is a State senator. Randolph surrendered.

LYNCHED BY A MOB.

Dalton, Ga., July 1.—Deek Posey, white, aged 35 years, was taken from jail today before daylight and hanged from a viaduct in the street. He was locked up Saturday charged with assaulting his nine-year-old daughter. He confessed. The mob was orderly and did not awaken the sleeping citizens.